

A DELL COMIC  
**DELL**  
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# BUCK JONES





**WEB COMIC  
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# BREAKING the BRONCO

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Bronc "busting" on a well-managed ranch is seldom an exciting event. The wise rancher knows that to "bust the bronc wide open" usually results in either "breaking the bronc's heart" or making a confirmed buckster of him. Every effort is made to break the bronc to ride without encouraging him to buck during the process. Therefore, he is first carefully roped.



After the bronc has learned to stop the second the rope tightens around his neck, he is introduced to the hackamore. Later, the hackamore is replaced with bridle and bit. He is, by now, losing his fear of the "buster."



The bronc is forced to wear the saddle, at intervals, for several days, or until he becomes accustomed to its presence on his back and to the weight of the "buster" who often leans across it. When, at last, the "buster" crawls into the saddle, chances are he is accepted without a buck.











AW, YOU'RE JUST  
SUPERSTITIOUS,  
SHAMROCK!

SUPERSPICIOUS.  
AM I? SURE AN'  
I HEARD IT  
MESELF... TH' CRY  
O' TH' BANSHEE...  
IT COMES JIST  
BEFORE DEATH  
STRIKES!



THAT'S WHY I WAS  
FOLLOWIN' TH' WAGON  
TO TH' COPPERVILLE  
SMELTER! 'TIS TH'  
THIRD ONE WE LOST  
AT BREAKNECK CURVE!

WHO OWNS  
THE WAGONS?



WHO ELSE BUT  
MISS PEGGY DONALD..  
OWNER OF TH'  
TOTEM POLE MINE!

PEGGY DONALD?  
WHY, I'M HEADED  
FOR HER PLACE  
NOW! HER MESSAGE  
WAS SO URGENT, I  
DECIDED TO PUSH  
ON UP TONIGHT!



THEN YE MUST BE BUCK  
JONES, TH' FRIEND O' PEGGY'S  
POOR DEPARTED FATHER! AN'  
GLAD PEGGY'LL BE T TELL  
YE ABOUT TH' MYSTERY, SOR!  
BUT I'VE GOT ME OWN  
SUPERSPICIONS, I HAVE!

AT THE TOTEM POLE MINE THE NEXT MORNING...



SHAM O'TOOLE WAS RIGHT ABOUT  
THE THREE ACCIDENTS, BUCK! FOR  
SOME STRANGE REASON, THE TEAMS  
BOLT ON THE APPROACH TO BREAK-  
NECK CURVE! OF COURSE, THAT'S  
THE STEEPEST SECTION  
OF THE GRADE!

LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT  
A JOB CUT OUT  
FOR ME, PEG!





















HOURS LATER, BUCK REACHES  
THE BOTTOM OF THE GORGE...

HUH, IT TOOK  
US HOURS T'  
GET DOWN HERE.  
BUT THE ORE WAGON  
MADE IT IN SECONDS!  
WONDER WHERE IT  
LANDED?



I SMELL SMOKE AND...  
OH-OH, THE WRECKAGE!



HMM, THE HIGH-GRADERS  
SET FIRE TO IT AND  
VAMOOSSED WITH THE ORE.



WELL, HOWDY!  
WHAT'S THIS  
LITTLE WIDGET?



DOGGONE IF IT  
ISN'T A KID'S  
TOY SIREN MADE  
OF COPPER!



YESSIR, IT'S PLUMB CLEAR  
NOW! SOMEBODY RIGGED  
THE SIREN AND LEVER  
UNDER THE WAGON...  
PROBABLY TO THE BRAKE!...



AND HEAVY PRESSURE  
ON THE BRAKE PUSHED  
THE SIREN ONTO THE  
RIM OF THE WHEEL...  
AND WHREEE!







WE'RE SUNK, GIMP!  
JONES'S HORSE IS  
OVERTAKIN' US!

WE AIN'T  
FINISHED YET!  
I KNOW HOW  
TO OUTFOX THAT  
COWBOY WHEN WE  
PASS TH' BEND!



WHEN JONES  
RIDES PAST, WE'LL  
FALL ON HIM LIKE  
A TON O' ORE!



HE'S CUTTIN' OFF  
TH' TRAIL!

MMM, LOOKS  
LIKE A  
CLEARIN'! I'LL  
JUST TAKE THE  
SHORT CUT AND  
HEAD OFF THE  
WAGON!



SO THE SKUNKS  
DESERTED THE  
WAGON, HUH?



BY GOSH, WE'RE  
GONNA MAKE A  
DELIVERY OF ORE TO  
THE SHELTER, AFTER  
ALL! I'LL COME BACK  
LATER AND TRAIL  
THOSE TWO POLECATS!



JONES OUTSMARTED  
US... AN HE'S GOT  
TH' TOTEM POLE ORE!

WHICH MEANS WE  
GOTTA HIKE  
BACK AN REPORT  
TO TH' BOSS EMPTY-  
HANDED! PRAT  
TH' LUCK!



HOURS LATER, BUCK JONES APPROACHES THE SMELTER ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF COPPERVILLE...



HI, STRANGER!  
WHO ARE YOU?

BUCK JONES...  
WITH ORE  
FROM THE  
TOTEM POLE  
MINE!



DON'T TELL  
ME PEGGY  
FINALLY GOT  
A WAGONLOAD  
THROUGH  
SAFELY?

THAT'S CORRECT, MISTER  
SNEED! WILL YOU TAKE  
CHARGE OF IT? I'VE  
GOT A LITTLE BUSINESS  
IN TOWN!



BY THE WAY, DID Y'EVER SEE ONE OF  
THESE THINGS BEFORE?  
WHY SURE!  
IT LOOKS LIKE  
A TOY SIREN!



SEEMS TO HAVE  
BEEN IN A  
FIRE, TOO!

IT WAS! AND THERE'S  
GONNA BE SOME FIRE-  
WORKS WHEN I FIND  
OUT WHO USES THEM  
TO WRECK ORE WAGONS!



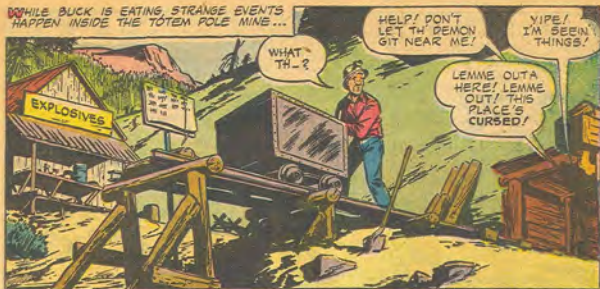
IF I SCOUT AROUND  
HERE IN TOWN, MAYBE  
I CAN LEARN WHERE  
THIS SIREN CAME FROM!

PRESENTLY...





WHILE BUCK IS EATING, STRANGE EVENTS  
HAPPEN INSIDE THE TOTEM POLE MINE...









PITCHBLEND? NEVER HEARD OF IT!

IT'S A MINERAL VERY RARE TO THESE PARTS! ITS UNUSUAL PROPERTIES MIGHT ACCOUNT FOR A MINER TURNING COPPER RED AND LOSING HIS HAIR!



BUT WHY HASN'T THIS MINERAL SHOWN UP IN PREVIOUS REPORTS?

PERHAPS YOU'VE JUST REACHED A SECTION OF THE MINE WHERE IT'S LOCATED!



IT'S A VERY VALUABLE MINERAL, PEGGY! IF YOU CAN ONLY PERSUADE YOUR MEN TO MINE IT...

HEY, BUCK! COME QUICK! THERE'S MORE TROUBLE, BEJABBERS!



WHAT'S UP NOW, SHAM?

TH' BOYS JEST RECOLLECTED THAT ONE O' TH' MEN, DELANEY'S STILL IN THE MINE! HE NEVER CAME OUT!



DELANEY? THAT'S THE RED-BEARDED HOMBRE WHO'S ON OUR SIDE, HUH?

NO FINER BOY EVER SWUNG A PICK 'N' SHOVEL, BUCK! BUT NOBODY DARES GO IN AFTER HIM!



WELL, I'M GOIN' IN AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS LOCO BUSINESS! C'MON, SHAM!

WHO, ME? BEGORRA, BUCK, I TELL YOU GREEN'S MY COLOR... NOT RED!





TAKE IT EASY,  
BOTH OF YOU! A  
LITTLE KEROSENE'LL  
FIX YOU RIGHT UP  
OR I MISS MY  
GUESS BY A MILE!

KEROSENE?  
BUCK, YE'VE  
TURNED INTO A  
BLITHERING  
IDIOT!



THERE—YOU SEE? IT'S  
ONLY **VEGETABLE DYE**...  
THE KIND THEY USE  
FOR COLORIN' EASTER  
EGGS!

DYE? BUT  
WHO DID IT?  
WHERE'S  
DELANEY'S  
HAIR?



THAT'S WHAT I AIM  
TO FIND OUT! TAKE  
DELANEY OUT AND  
LET THE OTHER MINERS  
SEE IT'S A HOAX!...  
AND HOLD SNEED, THE  
ASSAYER, IF YOU  
CAN FIND HIM!



SOMEBODY HAD  
TIME TO GIVE  
DELANEY A FAST  
SHAVE WHILE HE WAS  
UNCONSCIOUS, AND  
TO SMEAR DYE ON  
HIS HEAD AND ARMS!  
UH—OH....!



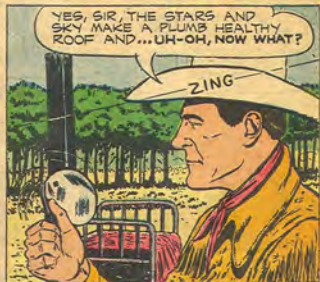
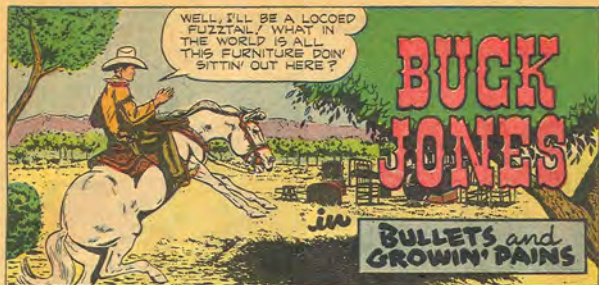
IT'S A  
PHONY BLIND  
END! NOW WE'RE  
GETTIN'  
SOMEWHERE!

















JUST LEAVE EVERYTHIN' HERE,  
BUSTER, AND JOIN YOUR SISTER  
INSIDE! I'M GONNA RUN OVER  
TO YOUR SPREAD AND HAVE A  
TALK WITH BILL  
MORGAN AND HIS  
STOOGES, BOB!



IF Y' NEED ANY HELP WITH THEM  
SIDEWINDERS, JUST CALL ON ME,  
BUCK! I AIM T'  
SQUARE ACCOUNTS  
MY OWNSELF...  
FIRST CHANCE  
I GET!

OKAY, BUSTER!  
I'LL DO THAT!  
ADIOS!!



PRESENTLY...

JEST MAKE YOURSELF  
T' HOME, HONEY!  
JIMINY, IT'LL BE A  
TREAT T' HAVE A  
BODY T' TALK TO!

THANKS, MA! IT  
WAS AWFULLY  
GOOD OF YOU  
TO TAKE  
BUSTER AN' ME  
IN! I NEED  
FRIENDS LIKE  
YOU AND...  
BUCK JONES!



PSHAW, IT AIN'T NOTHIN'! AN'  
BUCK'LL TAKE CARE OF THOSE  
HOOLIGANS WHO TRICKED  
YOU, NEVER FEAR!...

MA! WHO...WHO  
IS THIS MAN?



WHY THAT'S MY ONLY BOY,  
ROBERT! I AIN'T SEEN HIM SINCE  
HE SQUABBLED WITH POOR DAD  
AN' LEFT HOME FIVE YEARS AGO!  
I...I ALWAYS HOPED SOMEDAY  
I'D FIND HIM IN MY WANDERIN'S  
UP AN' DOWN TH' RIVER!



THAT MAN IS BOB... THE ONE  
WHO WAS WITH BIG BILL MORGAN  
WHEN HE TRICKED ME OUT OF  
MY RANCH!

WH-WHAT?





THERE, THERE, HONEY! MY ROBERT NEVER WAS A BAD BOY! HE WOULDN'T HARM A FLY! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE, BABY!

BUT IT WAS YOUR SON, MA! OH, DEAR, WHAT SHALL WE TELL BUCK?



BUCK? OH, LAND'S SAKE! HE DOESN'T KNOW IT MIGHT BE MY SON WHO WAS WITH BIG BILL MORGAN! WHAT IF HE HURTS ROBERT?

IT'LL SERVE YOUR BOY RIGHT...FOR HELPIN' HIS BOSS STEAL OUR SPREAD, THAT'S WHAT!



HONEY, WE MUST STOP BUCK JONES SOME WAY! BUT HOW? HE'S SO RILED UP!

SOMEBODY'LL JUST HAVE TO TELL HIM WHO BOB IS! AT LEAST, WE MUST GIVE YOUR SON A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN!



BUSTER, IT'S UP TO YOU! RIDE TO THE RANCH! TELL BUCK TO BRING BOB HERE, SO WE CAN THRESH THIS BUSINESS OUT!

AW, BEANS!



PLEASE HURRY, BUSTER!

TELL BUCK I SENT YOU, SON! BUCK'LL DO ANYTHIN' FOR ME! BUT JUST HURRY!

HMM...!



THEM WOMEN MUST THINK I'M PLUMB LOCO! BOB NEWTON'S AS BAD AS BIG BILL MORGAN! I'D LIKE TO SEE BUCK PUT HIM AWAY FOR GOOD!



**M**EANWHILE, AT THE RANCH....

HMM, A HORSE AT THE RAIL!  
EITHER BIG BILL OR HIS STOOGES,  
BOB, IS INSIDE!



RAILROAD  
PROPERTY?

THAT'S WHAT I  
SAID! TH' RAIL-  
ROAD BOUGHT  
THIS LAND FROM  
ME FOR A  
RIGHT-O-WAY!



BY LOOKIN' AT  
YOU, I JUDGE  
YOU'RE BIG  
BILL!

WHAT? HEY, WHO ARE  
YOU? WHAT'RE  
YOU DOIN' HERE ON  
RAILROAD PROPERTY?



SO THAT'S WHY YOU CHEATED  
CORA LOWRY OUT OF HER  
RANCH! YOU KNEW ALL THE  
TIME THE RAILROAD WAS  
COMIN' THROUGH AN'  
WOULD PAY  
BIG MONEY  
FOR IT!

HEY,  
LEGGO,  
ME...



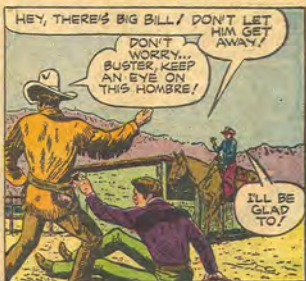
NOT TILL I'M  
FINISHED WITH YOU  
...AN' YOUR PAL,  
BOB...WHEREVER  
HE IS!



YOU SCHEMIN'  
RAT!...HEY,  
WHAT'S THAT?

BOB...  
HELP...  
UGH!







# BREAKING the BRONCO

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RUNNING  
BUCK

In earlier years, the most common way to break a bronc was to destroy his spirit with spur and quirt. Although these methods have largely been abandoned, we occasionally see the results produced when they are used and backfire and a real bucking bronc is born. His tricks will range from a simple "crow-hop" to the violent, liver-tearing "sun-fishing."



When "sun-fishing," a bronc combines a jarring pitch with a whip-like, side-to-side jerk of his body. This snapping action takes place between the leap and the teeth-jolting landing of the pitch, in seesaw effect.

BACK FALL  
OR SITTING  
DOWN



If the "sun-fishing" bronc accomplishes a complete end-for-end swing during the whip-like action, he has graduated to the "swapping ends" school of bucking. If he spins farther than half-around, he is a "corkscrew" bucking devil!



SWAPPING  
ENDS

If a bronc bucks in long, jerking pitches around a circle thirty or forty feet in diameter, he is performing the hated "running-buck." By leaning inward and bucking fast, he makes the rider dizzy, then he suddenly changes directions or "swaps ends."



CIRCLE BUCK



